



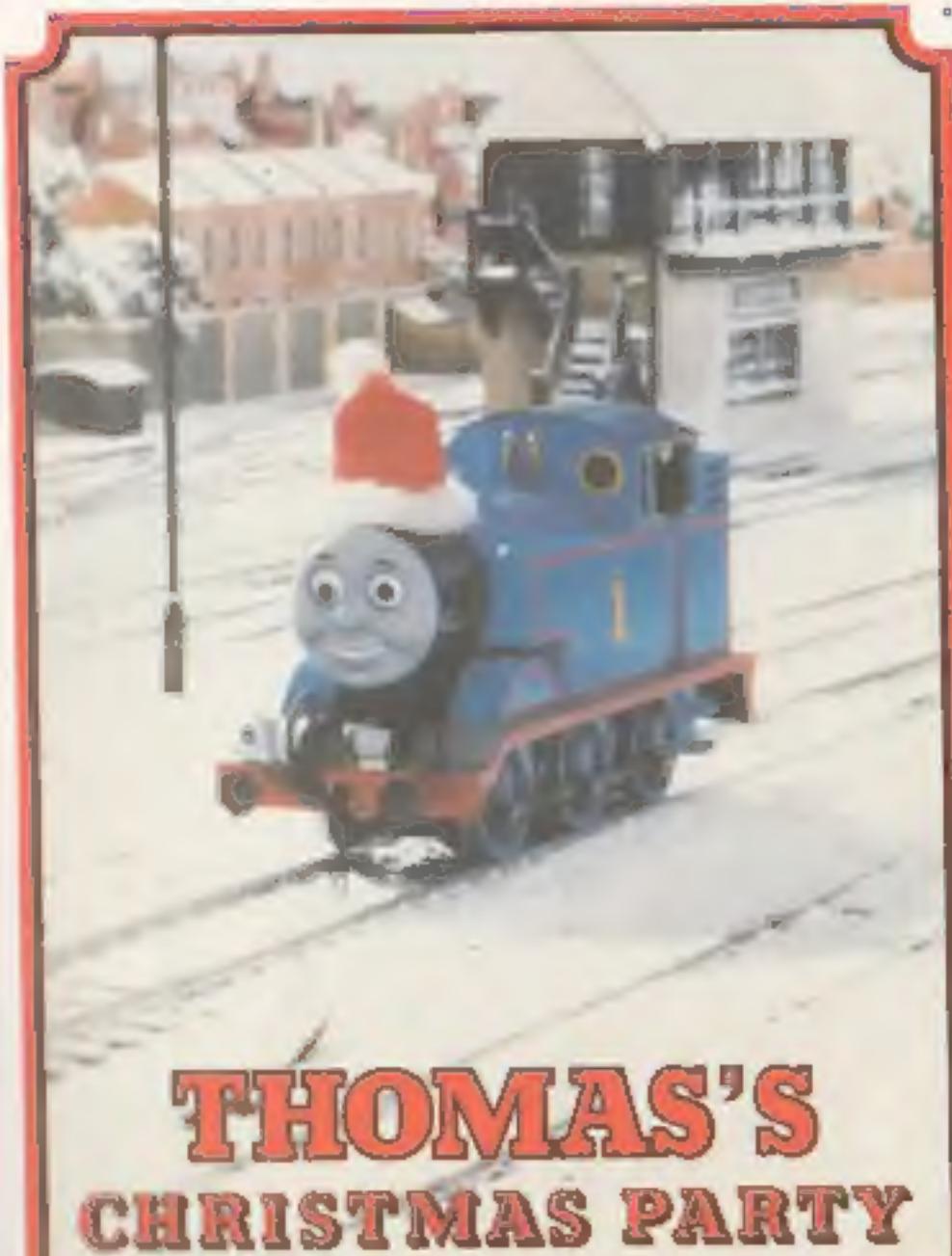
Ladybird

# THOMAS'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

Based on *The Railway Series* by The Rev W Awdry



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# THOMAS'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

Ladybird Books



It was Christmas on the Island of Sodor. All the engines were working hard. Thomas and Toby were busy carrying people and parcels up and down the branch line. Everyone was happy.

Only the coaches, Annie and Clarabel, were complaining. "It's always the same before Christmas," they groaned. "We feel so full, we feel so full."



"Oh, come on," said Thomas as he puffed out of the station. "Where's your festive spirit?"

"Leave that to the others. All we get is hard work," said the coaches.

"Cheer up," said Thomas. "Christmas Day is almost here."





By the side of the track was a lonely little cottage with a familiar figure standing by the gate, waving to them. "It's Mrs Kyndley," whistled Thomas. "Peep! Peep! Happy Christmas!"



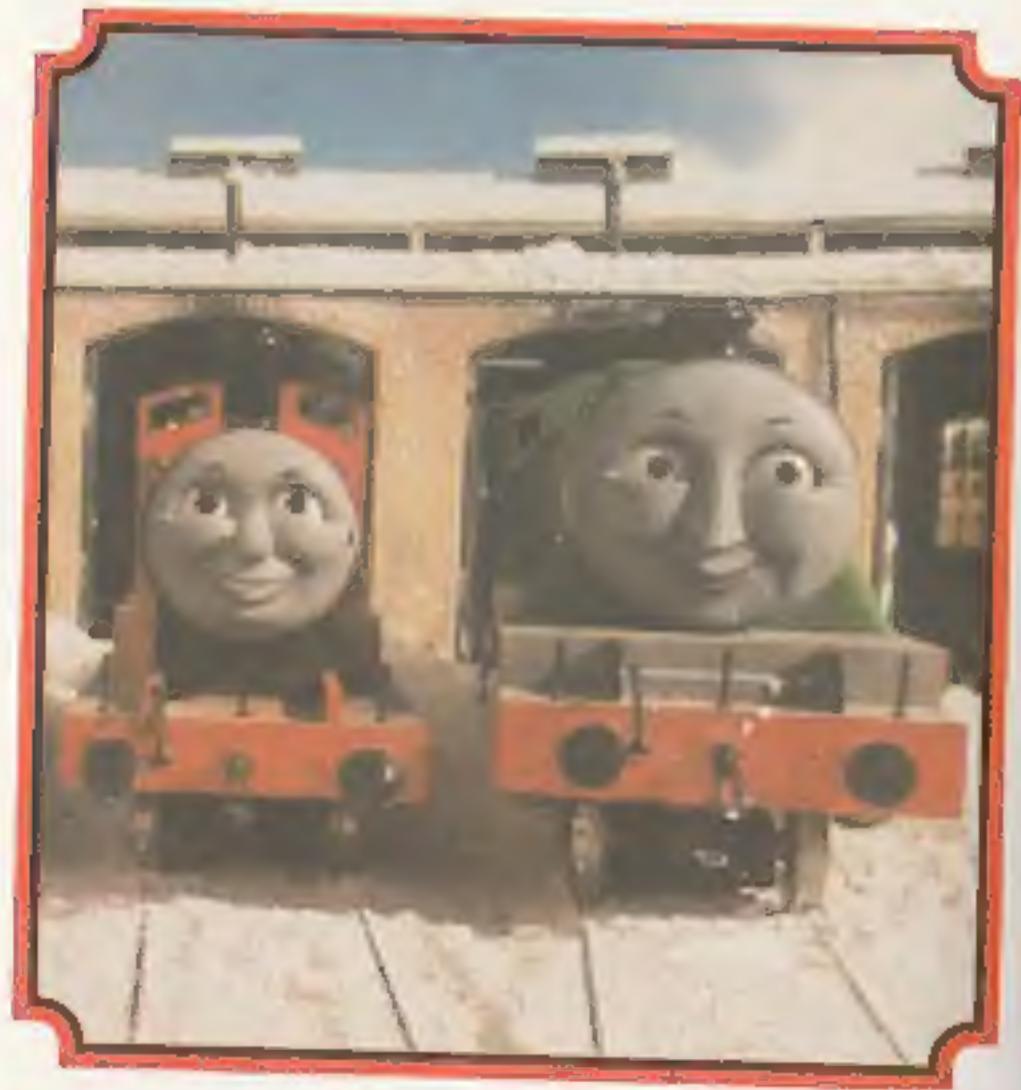


However heavy the loads, Thomas always felt better for seeing Mrs Kyndley. "Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas without Mrs Kyndley," he said and puffed thoughtfully on.

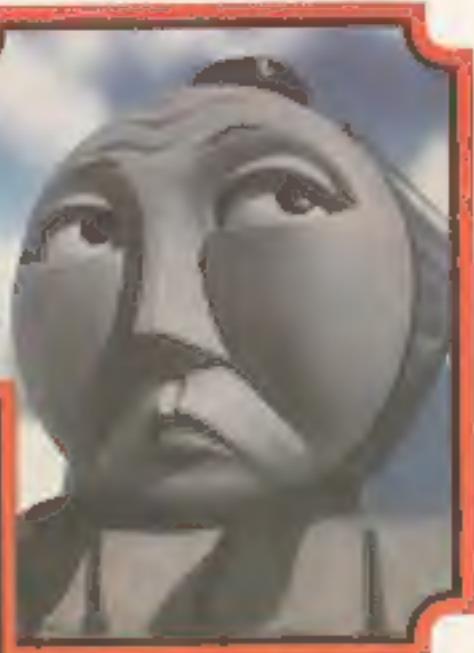




When work was over Thomas went to see the other engines. It was a scene of great celebration. Their coats had been polished and they felt very proud of themselves.



"Huh," said Gordon. "Just look at us – *your* driver will have to work fast to get you to look as smart as us."

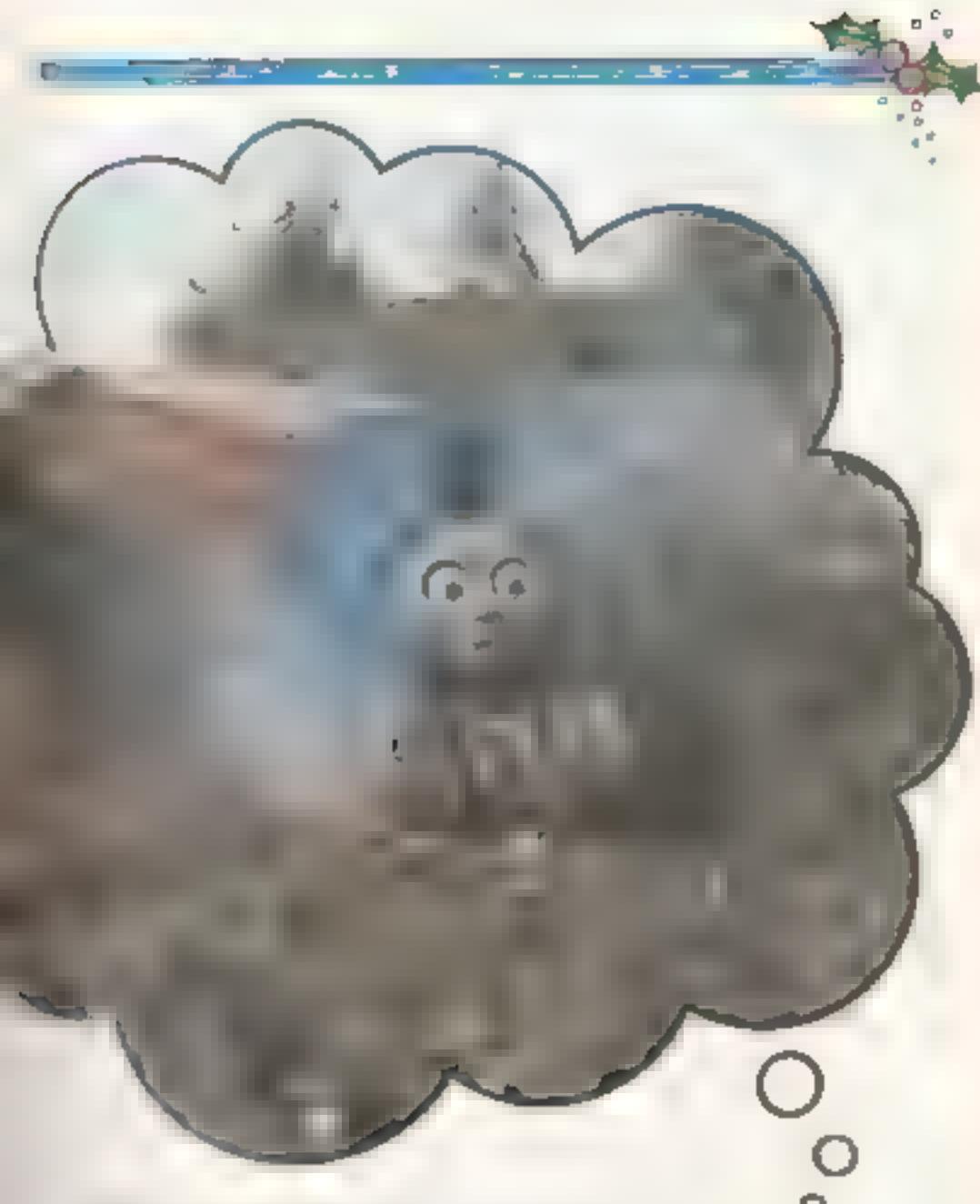


"Never mind that," replied Thomas.  
"I've something important to say.  
Do you realise it's a whole year

since Mrs Kyndley saved us from a nasty accident? You remember when she was ill in bed and..."



"Yes, of course," interrupted Edward.  
"You told us how she waved her red  
dressing gown out of her window to warn  
you about a landslide on the line ahead."



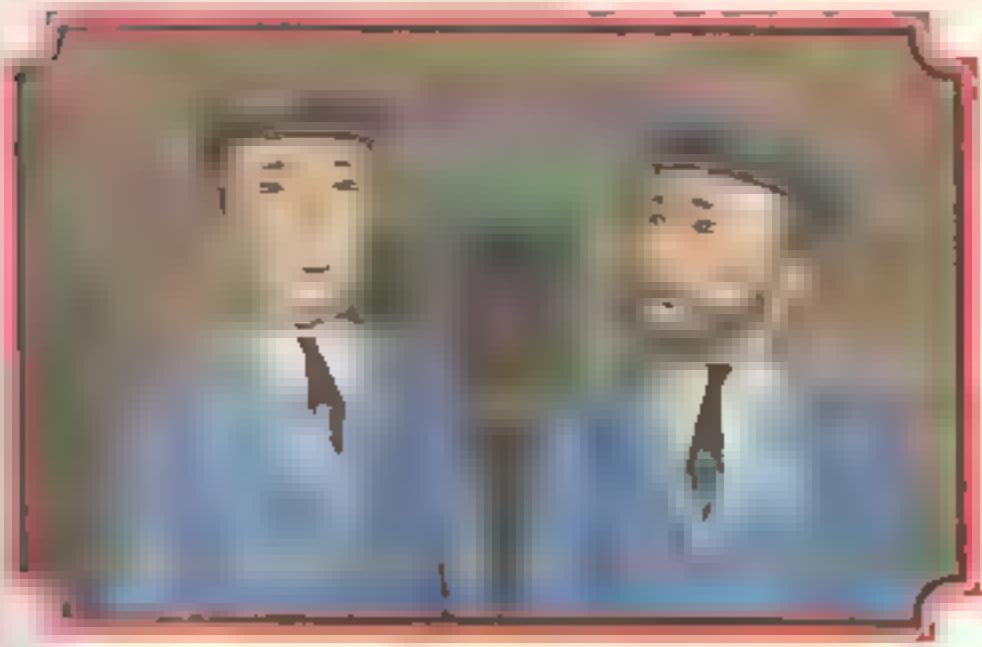
"Well you and Toby gave her  
a bit of a shock," Percy joined in, "and the Fat  
Fowler sent her to Bournemouth to  
get better."



"But," said James and Henry together  
"the rest of us never really thanked her  
properly."

"Exactly," said Thomas, triumphantly  
"So now I think we should all give her a  
special Christmas party"

The big engines were delighted, and so were their drivers and firemen. "We'd like that," they said. "A party will be fun. We'll ask the Fat Controller."



The drivers felt sure that the Fat Controller would agree as, indeed, he did.

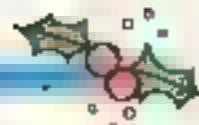
"A party for Mrs Kyndley?" said the Controller. "What a splendid idea. Mrs Kyndley is a very good friend to us all."



Everyone was looking forward to the party, and the engines were soon making plans. Then, suddenly, silence fell. The Fat Controller had bad news.



"The weather's changed," he said.  
"Mrs Kyndley is all snowed up - Toby  
says he will help to rescue her. You must  
help too, Thomas - there's no party  
unless you do!"



Thomas hated snow but he said  
evelly, "I'll try, sir. We must rescue her.  
o must."

"There's a good engine," smiled the  
Controller. "You and Toby will  
age splendidly."

The men came to fit Thomas with a  
new plough



Thomas and Toby set off to the rescue. Thomas charged the snowdrifts fiercely. Sometimes he swept them aside, sometimes they stuck fast.





When they stuck, Thomas and Toby  
drove back so that men from the van  
could loosen the hard-packed snow.  
Then on they went again.

It was hard and tiring work for  
everybody. But when they came to the  
village near the cottage they could go no  
further.





"Look at that!" exclaimed Thomas's fireman.

"Peep, peep, peep! Here we are!" whistled Thomas

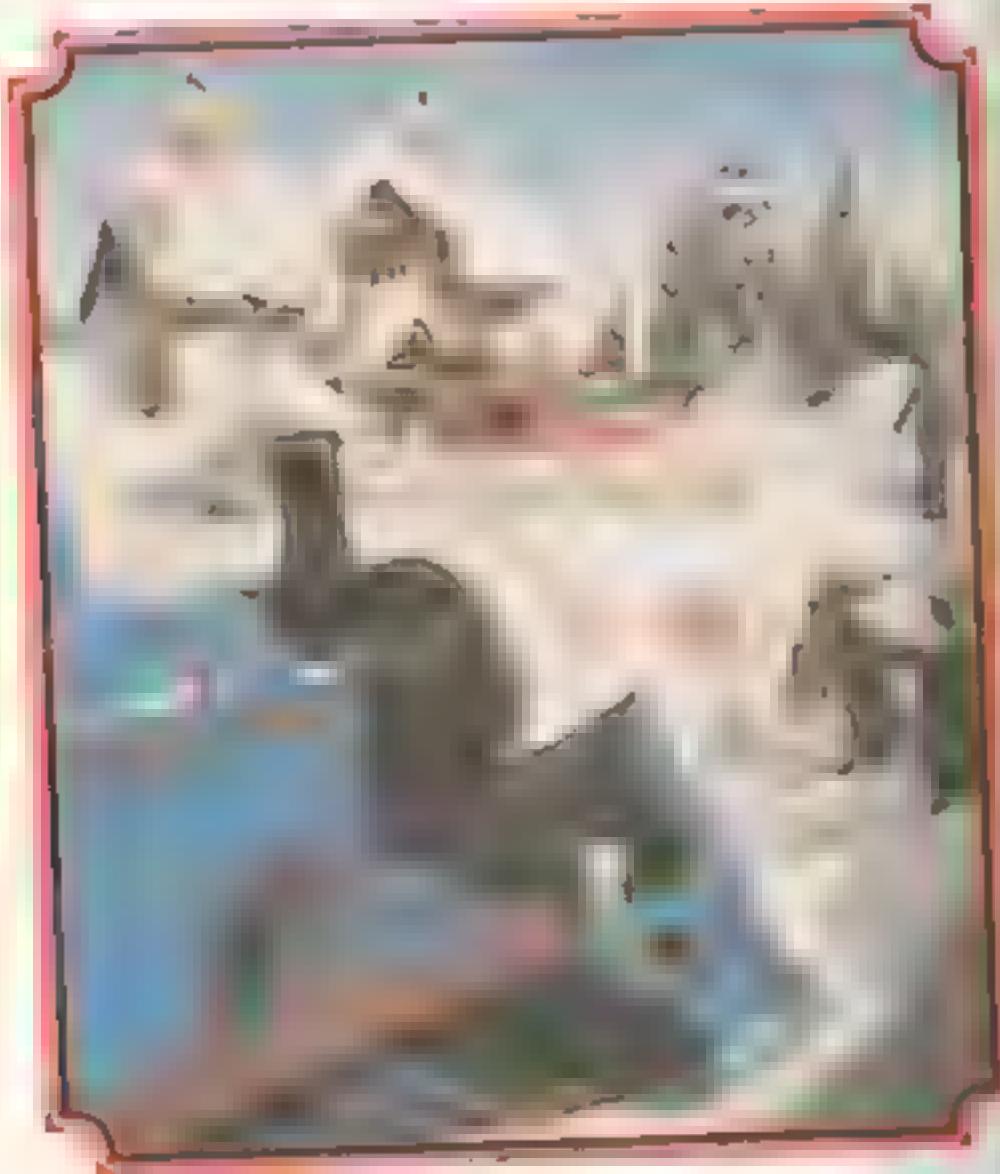
The snow was so deep round the house that the answering wave had to come from an upstairs window



"Toot, toot, toooooot! So are we!"  
came a voice from behind the cottage  
"That's Terence!"  
and Thomas excitedly  
He's come to  
help, too."



Sure enough Terence had a snow plough and was working hard to clear a path to the railway line and safety





At long last the rescue was complete. They arrived to take the tired workmen home. Terence said goodbye to Mr. Kyndley, and promised to take care of his cottage as he watched them all set off.

The engines made good time. No more snow had fallen but the yard was dark when they arrived at Tidmouth. The shed doors were shut, there was silence and there was no one to be seen.

Thomas's heart sank



Then suddenly all the lights went on  
What a marvellous sight awaited Mrs  
Kyndley!

"Well done," said the Fat Controller,  
smiling happily. "I'm really proud of  
you all."



Mrs Kyndley especially thanked the smaller engines. "Thomas and Toby are old friends," she said, "and now, Percy, you are my friend too."





Percy was so pleased that he bubbled over. "Three cheers for Mrs Kyndley," he cried.



"Peep, peep, peep!" they all whistled.

The Fat Controller held his ears but everyone else laughed and joined in.

"Right, everyone," he said. "One, two, three..."

HAPPY CHRISTMAS, MRS KYNDLEY!"



All the engines whistled and everyone began to sing:

We wish you a Merry Christmas!  
We wish you a Merry Christmas!  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year!





Thomas the Tank Engine and his friends thought it was the best Christmas ever and Mrs Kyndley could think of nowhere she would rather live than here, with them, on the Island of Sodor.



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ISBN 0-7214-1007-3



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